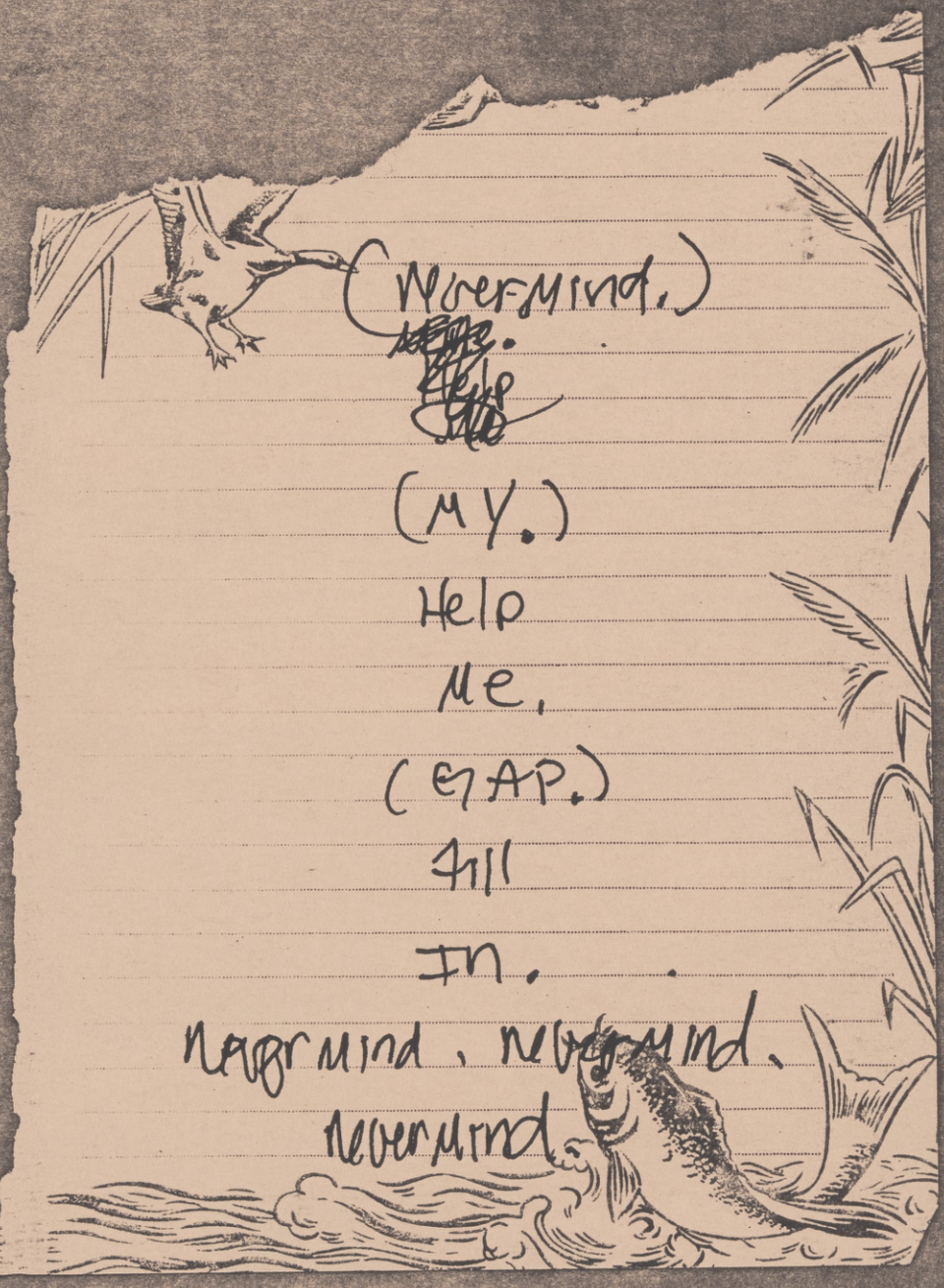
(Nevermind.)
(M.Y.)
Help
Me.
(GAP.)
Fill
In.
Nevermind. Nevermind.
Nevermind.

by Kristina Pardue

And what of it if I were to say that shells of love are naught but fire of say, ice, that love shall buy a soothing heart capable of saying nothing. Creme, soothe say. Slothlike shoulder. Now I reduce myself to slathering repeats. I fall gracelessly, or rather, with the trembling udder of remorseful gravity. Shoot. shoot it not, I say. I say it again Repeat, I say. Why like this? It is a faulty definition of Thought. Graceless (im)pure. (See, with each one reason's entrance, I give opposite in midformation of positive.) (Afterwards I add parentheses.)

Oh, hell. Draught. How shall I pronounce these thoughts in immortal crimson suffering? Be pea (Pea?) Parentheses. Desperate Action. Action? Fuck I am reduced. Once more Aghast. A lot Alas, (I think). Alas. Furthermore shitface. Oh sigh, you lost. Flood the gates! Repent! Seethe in capultuous sorrow (Only because of the alliteration). Scathing repeats. Horror still. See me run blubbering. (Why is it always self-reductive-- Why is it always self-reflexive? Always about the writing thoughts themselves?) Reason leave me. Leave me dry. Alone in the wind's eyes. Leaves. I confess nothing.

Dinosaur

It came about
like most things
and became my actions.
I guess I cried.
I can't remember.
It seems like too long of a time ago.
It's powerful
when the Jains say there used to be giants;
and then
within the image of the human
it has become my reactions,
that place the eye
above the shape of the hands.

-George Andrews

For the paper.....

DINOSAURS:

It's time to sprout wings,
Stop croaking and learn to sing,
Move on, try again...

Become nightingales!

At very least, wrens...

PB

c.1994

c.1994

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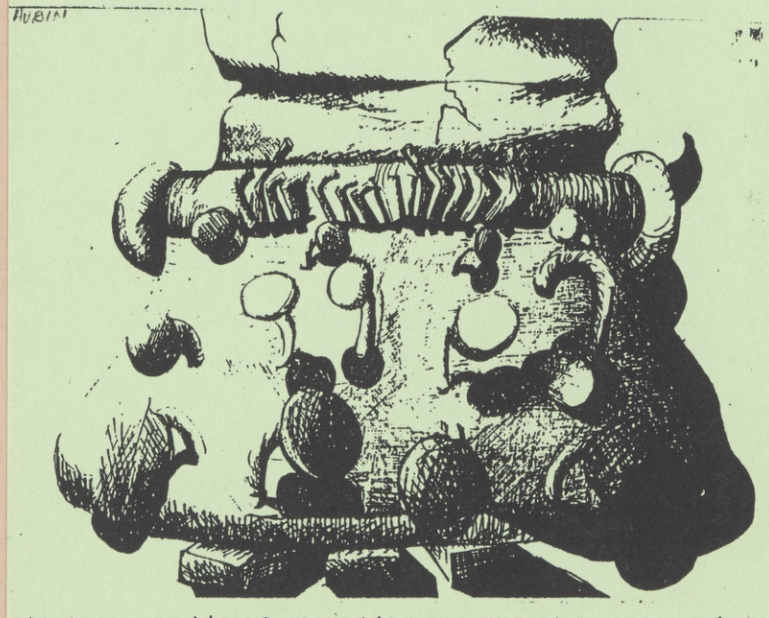

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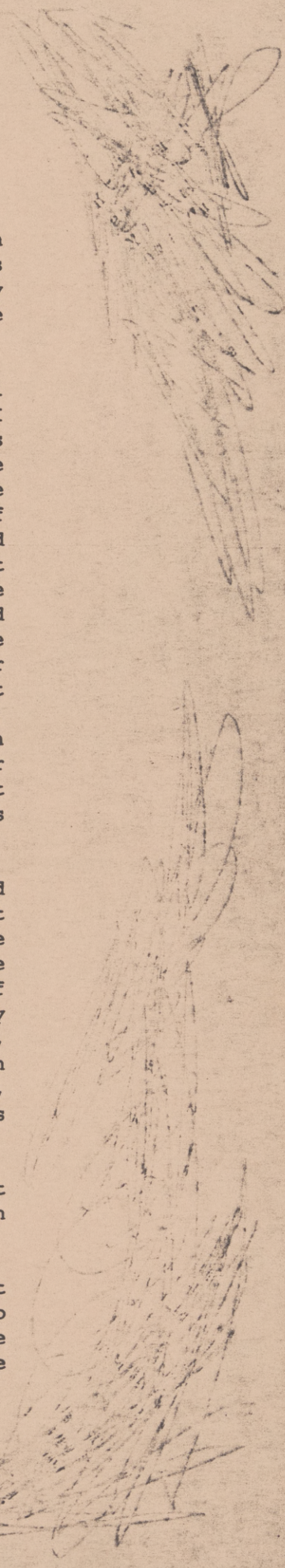

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No buses past ten
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every hour. Soon,
othing. Now, one can
mythic mind is gone,
now the poet stands

id was forgotten, but
ts. She said "women

was 1990. The best
She said "give in to
ys be here, you are
not let you fuck me

by Kristina Pardue

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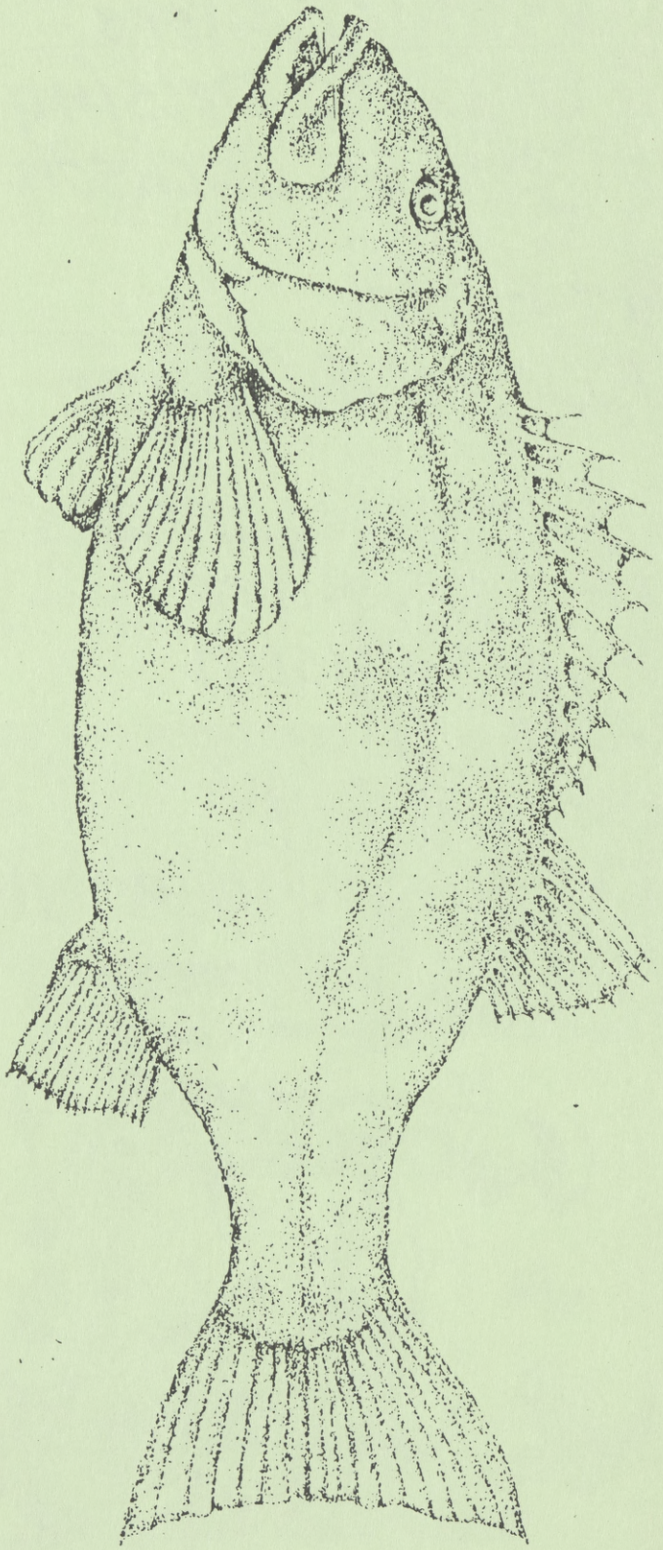

C. 1994

SHE'LL CALL IN THE DOGS

by Alexander Laurence

A.L.M. --Sorry, it began.
Then the blue woman stepped out of the black car with her poodles, thought of us as detectives, and warned us about the imminent future. "Look to the east. Find my Genghis, my dear Genghis, Genghis is good for you" she said.

I drank the dregs of my warm beer, actually we all tilted our glasses up high in unison, and then I dramatically recalled the words of a poet or who knows who said it? I didn't. She started to mumble. She started to speak in tongues. She dreamt of unstable forms which she described to me in detail: long lines of people wandering through fields trying to find something, trying to achieve something damnable so that forgiveness comes quick. Next by all the rocks, the water falls over itself in this manner (she gestured with her hand), and it doesn't matter. Yet when the lastwings are divided amongst the poor, the birds suffer because they are not symbolic. We all suffer not knowing which way is up, not knowing bread from stone, or as in Kafka "the way home." No buses past ten o'clock in this neighborhood. Do not ask a woman for directions. She'll send you in the dark. You find out later that the edge of the forest is where it meets itself.

Do not wake the gods for they are sleeping, or are dead with paint brushes in their hands, and they know that humiliation of the failed artist, or just the humiliation. They could not paint anything or anyone but themselves, and soon they tired of such self reduction plans. And soon, they gave away every portrait, every brushstroke, and every hour. Soon, there was nothing left at all, nothing. Now, one can only look back and mourn, that the mythic mind is gone, that history has disappeared, and now the poet stands alone with empty hands.

Whatever the blue woman actually said was forgotten, but I remember her last few statements. She said "women will rise in the world!"

The best thing about the 1970's was 1990. The best thing about the 1980's was 1968. She said "give in to the system, the system will always be here, you are extinct, you will die, I will not let you fuck me anymore, I am the system."

eutloria

ignore the perversity
aid the delusion
the matrix of conception
can be bent into an orb of bias
bouncing downhill I lost my toy
the concentric mandala charm of my circulatory
glows with a solar essence
flares of the wave swirl
sucking back babylon
ants crawl across a monopoly board
and the cockroach sneezes

eutloria

Iwas th inkin g of the time when I was smoking
glittering cigars
69
69 under the glitter balls
spinning inside the vortex of time
the jugular male
succulent taste squired
your man is texas size
in the late afternoon
pocahauntas interrupts my veils
my covered wagon of sympathy
rolls into your town
the campfire of the sentimental vacation

~~Elegy~~ ~~Eulogy~~ Ecology

I'm out of oxygen. I know
there's no air in here Quick
slap my knee and pinch bite poke
my own cheeks but I can't
stop the sandbags
Lowering down and shutting
(why did the old man in the red Ferrari
stop dating me?)
SHIT! how much lecture did I
miss? Eat this bag of cheetohs
hurry but the sandbags
(I wouldn't sleep with him but
God he was fine and rich - comeback)
What? Rested subsystems?
OH shit he knows I'm snoozing
and there goes my GPA only
20 Minutes left but
What is he talking about?

— oh Hell

JESSICA GOES TO ART SCHOOL

by Stephanie Jackson

The issue (said Antonio) is focus,
and by that I mean you decide to overlook,
so that you do not know the gay heavy lawyers or randled
madonnas or sliding novelists as anything but specimens,
and gristing them in your camera and your pen you betray
their nature so grisly and yielding. Look,
they get along without you, they barbecue an ox,
they burrow in the suburbs and line their homes
with macaroni and cellophane.

You are ripping out the nerves of your heart, ganglia by ganglia,
tanking them across the linoleum where you grind them
under pedestals;
you have wasted a thousand in turpentine experiments
but there are plenty more,
squithering like larvae, you have no need to save them.
You shoot them with rubberbands across the street at Edith Morgan.
They rollick against her glistering buttocks
and are swept up with her toenail shards and flushed.
This is a natural thing to do on a wet Sunday in Chicago
when you are older than religion and the black men
are cleaning the streets.

The flat grasshopper boy is your example.
He stands before a splotch of green and an indifference
of black and says it's awful.
It is awful. You want him anyway.
You want to take him home and covet him by your alarm clock
and pretend he is a serious genius. Your nerve net
has by now a lot of dangling ends and he will stopper, you think,
as many as any frog or flapper could.
This is an injustice to him, however, who is normal
so that you may not understand him, and he goes for coffee
with a frantic-faced jolly mother of two who is more or less
normal and your hands smell like decayed rubber
and the light in your canvas
sends an insipid postcard to the pretense of illusion.

Your friend the novelist
likes you because he thinks you are an artist
and you would hate to betray him.
He snubs you for months when you insult Hemmingway.
You forgive him not because he is a novelist
but because he tells you that you are a higher form
of life like a New Yorker
and sends erotic postcards to your parents and breaks your windows
when you refuse to answer the door.
Eventually you forget him in Santa Barbara
but not before you have used
twelve tubes of alizarin crimson in expressing
to whomever cares that you think your soul is hemorrhaging.

All this (says Antonio) is the reason.
Like the flapping trollish woman wearing forty sweaters
and pushing her life
in a shopping cart across Market Street you are there
and twitching and there is no way you can give up.
You are as significant as an advancing caterpillar;
you move because you have leaves and legs, there is
no tragedy. When the miners come to carry you out
they will find a formula in the shape of a six-dimensional octopus
and a perfect three-minute egg resting in the sun
where you slept in the company of a gregarious kitchen window.

sky rests
breathes whispers
councils sided questions gently, in unison beneath passing clouds
reminds me of touch...
of ancients dwelling in passage,
listening angels scattering in mystic translations
arrainging vibrations, superficial remains-
in a dream we spoke
in a pool of common flesh- the blood of human strength
seeking self
engaged in practice wondering...
do we listen across this space
to each other's becoming

Chirstina Hale

AN HOA

by P.J. Plotke

Turf
Play tag with an RPA
The adventures of staying alive
Gooks in the wire!
Shadows of Death in the moonlight
From altarboy to stormtrooper
Willy Peter White Phosphorus
Imagine what that does to human flesh
On the wire; these few strands
depends many lives
a barrier from
Death and Fire
Bushwackers
The rate of fire of an AK47:600 rpm
The rate of fire of a M-16:rpm
(The solution to the tactical problem is
a layered response.)
Brothers in blood shed, Enemy and Comrade
The effective burst radius of a Heat round
fired from a Light Antitank Weapon.
United States casualties killed and missing
58,132
Vietnamese 600,000
You can not step into the same river twice.

THANK SATAN FOR THIS

And what if the serpent had been the improper host
and refused Eve the fruit?
What if she had neglected to free herself
to remove a strange moral tattoo
to bend His branding iron of dominion for one fleeting,
permanent moment?
He called His gift to us a crime
The gift of our heads
Full of things like blood and tissue and nerves
and synapses
thoughts and loves and desires
and curiosity
Curiosity needs, yes
But the need to know
To taste flavor
Be it strong, sweet
bitter, salty, sour or weak - This natural need alone
can't possibly stain souls.

So now think of where we'd be if the devil was rude
and if Eve hadn't the guts.
In the place of billions there would be two
just a man and a woman no child

There wouldn't be any stories to tell, listen to - in Eden, who could tell a tale if the only place they'd ever know was their home? Who would listen when no place could be as wondrous, as marvelous, as fantastic as where they are? Why bother with fantasy when it couldn't possibly compete with what's already there?

Would they even be alive, these two objects of His
these images of God
summed up and satisfied,
divinely bovine, fulfilled but without wills
Their feet would brush the lusher pastures
while their minds would stand still in waste

Why remember yesterday when tomorrow promises more of the same?
Would they have a future to look forward to and dream about? A
past to hold them down?

Keep them from drifting away with the spores
and the pollen of the garden
to settle down under some great oak
carelessly
hopelessly
listless like the angels' feathers descending
rocking gently on the edge of existence
locked in the most beautiful cradle
a chrysanthemum asylum
a jail full of fruit

Full of things singing
and an eternal hum
under the trees
the never-ending buzz of bees
of honey bees humming away
into forever

Yes, some might call it Paradise

- Kain Asten-Crane